

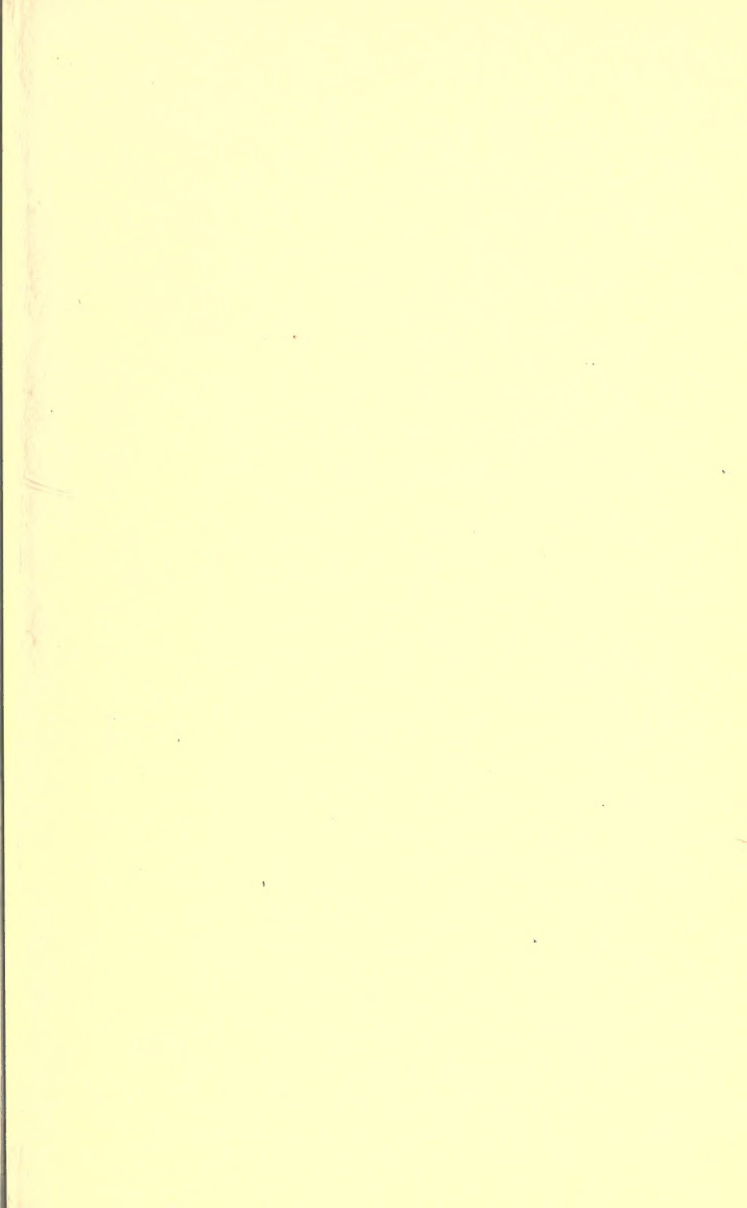


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ELEVEN POEMS OF  
RUBÉN DARÍO

PUBLICATIONS OF  
THE HISPANIC SOCIETY OF AMERICA  
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ELEVEN POEMS OF  
**RUBÉN DARÍO**

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## Introduction

WITH the death of Rubén Darío, the Spanish language loses its greatest poet of to-day,—the greatest because of the æsthetic value and the historical significance of his work. No one, since the times of Góngora and Quevedo, has wielded an influence comparable, in renewing power, to Darío's. Zorrilla's influence, for instance, was enormous, but not in the sense of a true innovation: when it spread, the romantic movement he represented was already the dominant force in our literature. Darío did much more, in prosody and in style as well as in the spirit of poetry. Darío's victory was not without surprising elements,—especially because, born in the New World, he was unreservedly acclaimed by the intellectual groups of our former metropolis, Madrid. The homage of the Spanish writers to Darío was great and sincere. Even Royal Academicians, in spite of the timidity natural in traditional institutions, paid signal tribute to his genius. Upon the news of his death, the writers and artists of Spain, headed by Valle-Inclán (the greatest literary force in the present generation), organized a movement to erect a monument to his memory in the royal gardens of the Buen Retiro.

Darío began, when very young, writing quite within

the traditions of our language and literature. He was a reader of both the classics and the moderns, and essayed such widely different tones as those corresponding to the solemnity of the blank verse and to the fluency of the *romance*. Soon after, he took up the study of the modern French and, partly, the English literatures; and his poetry, in *Azul*, began to show the marvellous variety of shading and the preciousity of workmanship which were to be his distinctive traits in *Prosas profanas*. His most important achievement was the book of *Cantos de vida y esperanza*. There he attained (especially in the autobiographical *Pórtico*) a depth of human feeling and a sonorous splendor of utterance which placed him among the modern poets of first rank in any language. His later work did not always rise to that magnificence, but it often took a bold, rough-hewn, sort of *Rodinesque* form, which has found many admirers.

As a prosodist, Rubén Darío is unique in Spanish. He is the poet who has mastered the greatest variety of verse forms. The Spanish poets of the last four centuries, whether in Europe or in America, although they tried several measures, succeeded only in a few. Like the Italians before Carducci, they had command only over the hendecasyllabic, octosyllabic and heptasyllabic forms. A few meters, besides these three, have at times enjoyed popularity, as, for instance, the

alexandrine during the romantic period; but they suffered from stiffness of accentuation. Darío, and the modernist groups which sprang into action mainly through his stimulus, gave vogue, and finally permanence, to a large number of metrical forms: either verses rarely used, like the enneasyllabic and the dodecasyllabic (of which there are three types), or verses, like the alexandrine, to which Darío gave greater musical virtue by freeing the accent and the cæsura. Even the hendecasyllable acquired new flexibility when Darío brought back two new forms of accentuation that had been used by Spanish poets during three centuries but had been forgotten since about 1800. He also attacked the problem of the classic hexameter, which has tempted many great modern poets, from Goethe to Swinburne and Carducci, and, before these, a few of the Spanish in the XVIIth century, chiefly Villegas. He introduced, finally, the modern *vers libre*, the type in which the number of feet, but not the foot, changes (as in the *Marcha triunfal*), as well as the type in which both the number of syllables and the foot vary frequently.

In style, Rubén Darío represents another renewal. He not only fled from the hackneyed, from expressions which, like coins, were worn out by use: it is the natural outcome of every new artistic or literary tendency to do away with the useless remains of for-  
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X

mer styles. He did much more; together with a few others, like Manuel Gutiérrez Nájera of Mexico, Darío brought back into Spanish the art of nuance, of delicate shading, in poetical style. This art, all but absent from Spanish poetry during two centuries, had been substituted by the forceful drawing and vivid coloring which foreigners expect to find in all things Spanish.

In the spirit of poetry, Rubén Darío succeeded in giving "des frissons nouveaux." If not the first, he was one of the first (simultaneously with Gutiérrez Nájera, with Julian del Casal, of Cuba, and José Asunción Silva, of Colombia) to bring into Spanish the notes of subtle emotion of which Verlaine was arch master; the gracefulness and the brilliancy which emerge from the world of Versaillesque courts and feigned Arcadies; the decorative sense of a merely external Hellenism, which is delightful in its frank artificiality; the suggestions of exotic worlds, opulent storehouses of imaginative treasures.

But, while he did all this, he never lost his native force: he was, and he knew how to be, American,—Spanish-American, rather. He sang of his race, of his people,—the whole Spanish-speaking family of nations,—with constant love, with a tenderness which at times was almost childlike. If he did not always think that life in the New World was poetical, he did think

that the ideals of Spanish America were worthy of his poetry. And, as he upheld the ideals of Spanish America, and the traditions of the whole Spanish race; since he sang hymns to the Cid, founder of the old mother country, and to the master spirits of the new countries, like Mitre of Argentina, both Spain and Spanish America saw in him their representative poet.

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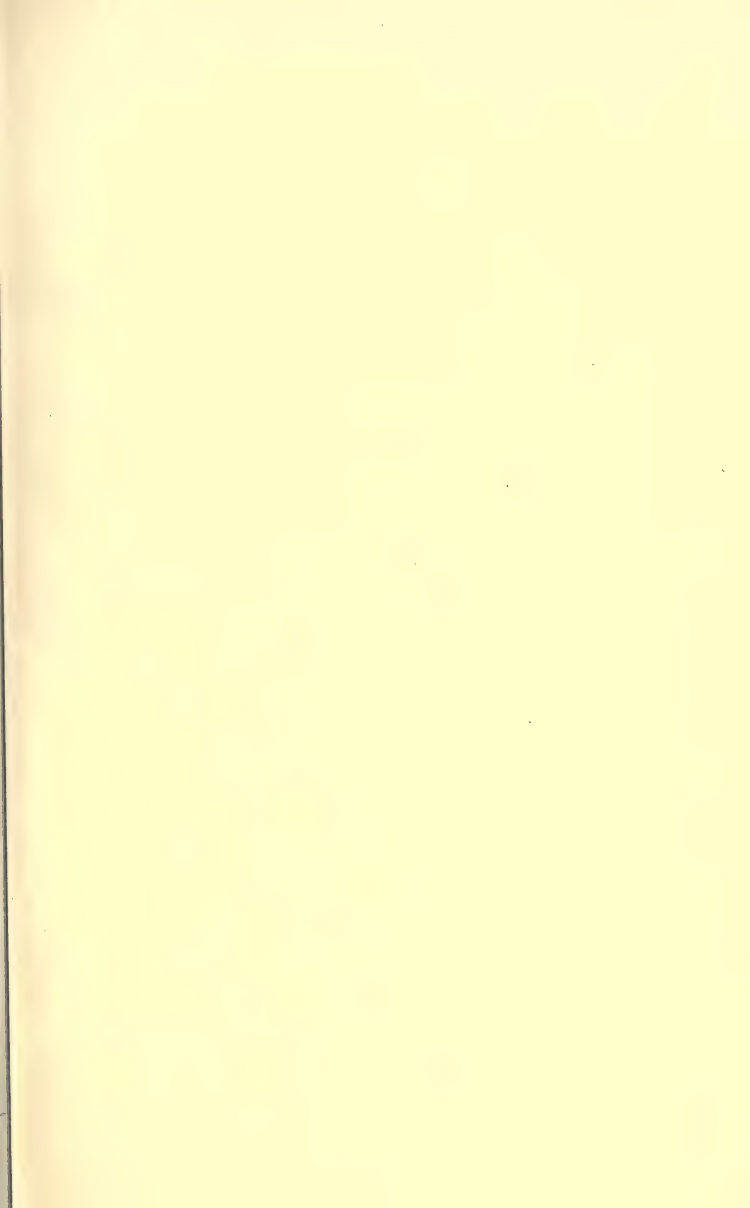
Rubén Darío was born near León, in the Republic of Nicaragua, the 18th of January, 1867, and died in that city on the 6th of February, 1916. He received his education there, but went abroad in his twentieth year. He visited nearly all the countries of the Western Hemisphere and travelled extensively in Europe since 1892. He lived many years at Santiago de Chile, Buenos Aires, Madrid and Paris. At Madrid he was at one time the Minister of Nicaragua.

He visited the United States, in a short trip, in 1893, and again during the winter of 1914 and 1915. He was then honored by several literary bodies of New York, such as the American Academy of Arts and Letters and the Authors' League. The Hispanic Society of America awarded him its honorary medal.

Many of his poems, and some of his short stories and articles, have been translated into English, French, Italian, Portuguese, German and the Scandinavian languages.







1

# PAX !

1. Juro gritando pace, pace, pace!  
 Así clamaba el italiano,  
 Así voy gritando yo ahora.  
 Alma en el alma, mano en la mano  
 A los países de la Suiza

En sangre y llanto está la tierra antigua.  
 La Muerte cautelosa, o abascaule o cuerdos,  
 Pasa sobre los huellas  
 Del Cristo de pies sanos

x - Que refo páginas y estradas.  
 La humanidad, inquieta  
 K la ~~muerte~~ muerte de un papa  
 Como en el año mil. el año de mil

una nueva re la torre de Babel  
 Desmoronarse en hoguera ~~re la torre de Babel~~

~~Los termos de~~ ~~un~~ ~~pecho~~ ~~al~~ ~~canon~~ y  
 Al estamirido del Cañon y del ~~juicio~~ et ~~juicio~~

FACSIMILE OF AUTOGRAPH POEM "PAX"

POEMS

## Primaveral

**M**ES de rosas. Van mis rimas  
en ronda a la vasta selva  
a recoger miel y aromas  
en las flores entreabiertas.  
Amada, ven. El gran bosque  
es nuestro templo; allí ondea  
y flota un santo perfume  
de amor. El pájaro vuela  
de un árbol a otro y saluda  
tu frente rosada y bella  
como un alba; y las encinas  
robustas, altas, soberbias,  
cuando tú pasas agitan  
sus hojas verdes y trémulas,  
y enarcan sus ramas como  
para que pase una reina.  
¡Oh, amada mía! Es el dulce  
tiempo de la primavera.

Allá hay una clara fuente  
que brota de una caverna,  
donde se bañan desnudas  
las blancas ninfas que juegan.  
Ríen al son de la espuma,

## Primaveral

**N**OW is come the month of roses!  
To the woods my verse has flown  
Gathering fragrance and honey  
From the blossoms newly blown.  
Beloved, come to the forest,  
The woodland shall be our shrine  
Scented with the holy perfume  
Of the laurel and the vine.  
From tree-top to tree-top flitting  
The birds greet you with sweet lay,  
Finding joyance in your beauty  
Fairer than the birth of day;  
And the haughty oaks and hemlocks  
Bend their leafy branches green  
Forming rustling, regal arches  
For the passage of a queen.  
All is perfume, song and radiance;  
Flowers open and birds sing:  
O Beloved, 'tis the season  
Of the Spring!

Flowing from a haunted cavern  
Is a crystal fountain where  
Naiads nude and flower-breasted

hienden la linfa serena;  
entre polvo cristalino  
esponjan sus cabelleras;  
y saben himnos de amores  
en hermosa lengua griega,  
que en glorioso tiempo antiguo  
Pan inventó en las florestas.  
Amada, pondré en mis rimas  
la palabra más soberbia  
de las frases de los versos  
de los himnos de esa lengua;  
y te diré esa palabra  
empapada en miel hiblea . . .  
¡oh, amada mía, en el dulce  
tiempo de la primavera!

Bathe and play and freight the air  
With the joyance of their laughter  
And the gladness of the wave  
When they stoop over the fountain  
And their tresses 'gin to lave.  
And they know the hymns of Eros  
That in lovely Grecian tongue  
Pan one day made in the forest  
In the glorious age of song.  
Sweetest, of that glorious hymnal  
I shall choose the fairest phrase  
To enrich with ancient music  
The full cadence of my lays.  
Sweet as sweetest Grecian honey  
Will my song be when I sing,  
O Beloved, in the season  
Of the Spring!

## Autumnal

**E**N las pálidas tardes  
yerran nubes tranquilas  
en el azul; en las ardientes manos  
se posan las cabezas pensativas.  
¡Ah, los suspiros! ¡Ah, los dulces sueños!  
¡Ah, las tristezas íntimas!  
¡Ah, el polvo de oro que en el aire flota,  
tras cuyas ondas trémulas se miran  
los ojos tiernos, húmedos,  
las bocas inundadas de sonrisas,  
las crespas cabelleras  
y los dedos de rosa que acarician!

En las pálidas tardes  
me cuenta un Hada amiga  
las historias secretas  
llenas de poesía:  
lo que cantan los pájaros,  
lo que llevan las brisas,  
lo que vaga en las nieblas,  
lo que sueñan las niñas.

Una vez sentí el ansia  
de una sed infinita.  
Dije al Hada amorosa:  
“Quiero en el alma mía



## Autumnal

**I**N the pale afternoon the clouds go by  
Aimlessly roving in the quiet sky.  
His head between his hands, the dreamer weaves  
His dream of clouds and Autumn-colored leaves.  
Ah, his intimate sorrow, his long sighs,  
And the glad radiance that has dimmed his eyes!  
And all the tender glances, the blond tresses,  
The rose hands over-brimming with caresses,  
The sudden faces smiling everywhere  
In the gold-dusted curtains of the air!

In the pale afternoon  
A friendly faerie maiden comes to me  
And tells me tales of many a secret thing  
Fraught with the spell and music of the moon,  
And I have learned what wonder the birds sing,  
And what the breezes bring over the sea,  
All that lies hidden in the mist or gleams,  
A fleeting presence, in a young girl's dreams.

And once the thirst of infinite desire  
Possessed me like a fever, and I said,  
"I want to feel all radiance, fragrance, fire  
And joy of life within me, to inspire  
My soul forever!" And the faerie maid

tener la inspiración honda, profunda,  
inmensa: luz, calor, aroma, vida.”  
Ella me dijo: ¡Ven! con el acento  
con que hablaría un arpa. En él había  
un divino idioma de esperanza.  
¡Oh sed del ideal!

Sobre la cima  
de un monte, a media noche,  
me mostró las estrellas encendidas.  
Era un jardín de oro  
con pétalos de llamas que titilan.  
Exclamé: ¡Más!

La aurora  
vino después. La aurora sonreía,  
con la luz en la frente,  
como la joven tímida  
que abre la reja, y la sorprenden luego  
ciertas curiosas mágicas pupilas.  
Y dije: ¡Más!

Sonriendo  
la celeste Hada amiga  
prorrumpió: “Y bien! ¡las flores!”

Y las flores  
estaban frescas, lindas,  
empapadas de olor: la rosa virgen,  
la blanca margarita,  
la azucena gentil y las volúbiles  
que cuelgan de la rama estremecida.  
Y dije: ¡Más! . . .

El viento  
arrastraba rumores, ecos, risas,

Called me to follow her, and when she spoke  
It was as if a harp to the soft stroke  
Of loving hands had wakened suddenly:  
She syllabled hope's language, calling me.

Oh, thirst for the ideal! From the height  
Of a great mountain forested with night  
She showed me all the stars and told their names;  
It was a golden garden wherein grows  
The fleur-de-lys of heaven, leaved with flames.  
And I cried, "More!" and then the dawn arose.

The dawn came blushing; on her forehead beamed  
Delicate splendor, and to me it seemed  
A girl that, opening her casement, sees  
Her lover watching her, and with surprise  
Reddens but cannot hide her from his eyes.

And I cried, "More!" The faerie maiden smiled  
And called the flowers, and the flowers were  
Lovely and fresh and moist with essences,—  
The virgin rose that in the woods grows wild,  
The gentle lily tall and shy and fair,  
The daisy glad and timid as a child,  
Poppies and marigolds, and all the rare  
Blossoms that freight with dreams the evening air.

But I cried, "More!" And then the winds brushed by  
Bearing the laughter of the world, the cry  
Of all glad lovers in the woods of Spring,  
And echoes, and all pleasant murmuring

murmillos misteriosos, aleteos,  
músicas nunca oídas.  
El Hada entonces me llevó hasta el velo  
que nos cubre las ansias infinitas,  
la inspiración profunda  
y el alma de las lirás.  
Y lo rasgó. Y allí todo era aurora.  
En el fondo se vía  
un bello rostro de mujer.

¡Oh, nunca,  
Piérides, diréis las sacras dichas  
que en el alma sintiera!  
Con su vaga sonrisa  
“¿más . . .?” dijo el Hada.

Y yo tenía entonces  
clavadas las pupilas  
en el azul; y en mis ardientes manos  
se posó mi cabeza pensativa. . . .

Of rustling leaf or southward-flying bird,  
Unworded songs and musics never heard.  
The faerie maiden, smiling, led me where  
The sky is stretched over the world, above  
Our heights and depths of hoping and despair,  
Beyond the reach of singing and of love.  
And then she tore the veil. And I saw there  
That all was dawn. And in the deeps there beamed  
A woman's Face radiant exceedingly.—  
Ah, never, Muses, never could ye say  
The holy joyance that enkindled me!—  
"More? . . ." said the faerie in her laughing way;  
But I saw the Face only. And I dreamed.

## Pórtico

**Y**O soy aquel que ayer no más decía  
el verso azul y la canción profana;  
en cuya noche un ruiseñor había  
que era alondra de luz por la mañana.

El dueño fuí de mi jardín de sueño.  
lleno de rosas y de cisnes vagos;  
el dueño de las tórtolas; el dueño  
de góndolas y liras en los lagos.

Y muy siglo diez y ocho; y muy antiguo;  
y muy moderno; audaz, cosmopolita;  
con Hugo fuerte, y con Verlaine ambiguo;  
y una sed de ilusiones infinita.

Yo supe de dolor desde mi infancia;  
mi juventud . . . ¿fué juventud la mía?  
Sus rosas aun me dejan su fragancia,—  
una fragancia de melancolía . . .

Potro sin freno se lanzó mi instinto;  
mi juventud montó potro sin freno;  
iba embriagada y con puñal al cinto . . .  
Si no cayó, fué porque Dios es bueno.

## Portico

*Alfred Tennyson*

(Translated by Thomas Walsh)

I AM the singer who of late put by  
The verse azurean and the chant profane,  
Across whose nights a rossignol would cry  
And prove himself a lark at morn again.

Lord was I of my garden-place of dreams,  
Of heaping roses and swan-haunted brakes;  
Lord of the doves; lord of the silver streams,  
Of gondolas and lilies on the lakes.

And very eighteenth century; both old  
And very modern; bold, cosmopolite;  
Like Hugo daring, like Verlaine half-told,  
And thirsting for illusions infinite.

From childhood it was sorrow that I knew;  
My youth—was ever youth my own indeed?—  
Its roses still their perfume round me strew,  
Their perfume of a melancholy seed—

A reinless colt my instinct galloped free,  
My youth bestrode a colt without a rein;  
Intoxicate I went, a belted blade with me;  
If I fell not—'twas God who did sustain.

En mi jardín se vió una estatua bella;  
se juzgó mármol, y era carne viva;  
un alma joven habitaba en ella,  
sentimental, sensible, sensitiva.

Y tímida ante el mundo, de manera  
que encerrada en silencio no salía  
sino cuando en la dulce primavera  
era la hora de la melodía.

Hora de ocaso y de discreto beso;  
hora crepuscular y de retiro;  
hora de madrigal y de embeleso,  
de ¡te adoro!, de ¡ay! y de suspiro

Y entonces era en la dulzaina un juego  
de misteriosas gamas cristalinas,  
un renovar de notas del Pan griego  
y un desgranar de músicas latinas,

con aire tal y con ardor tan vivo,  
que a la estatua nacían de repente  
en el muslo viril patas de chivo  
y dos cuernos de sátiro en la frente.

Como la Galatea gongorina  
me encantó la marquesa verleniana;  
y así juntaba a la pasión divina  
una sensual hiperestesia humana;



Within my garden stood a statue fair,  
Of marble seeming, yet of flesh and bone;  
A gentle spirit was incarnate there  
Of sensitive and sentimental tone.

So timid of the world, it fain would hide  
And from its walls of silence issue not,  
Save when the Spring released upon its tide  
The hour of melody it had begot—

The hour of sunset and of hidden kiss;  
The hour of gloaming twilight and retreat;  
The hour of madrigal, the hour of bliss,  
Of "I adore thee" and "Alas" too sweet.

And 'mid the gamut of the flute, perchance,  
Would come a ripple of crystal mysteries,  
Recalling Pan and his glad Grecian dance  
With the intoning of old Latin keys,

With such a sweep, and ardor so intense,  
That on the statue suddenly were born  
The muscled goat-thighs shaggy and immense,  
And on the brows the satyr's pair of horn.

As Gongora's Galatea, so in fine  
The fair marquise of Verlaine captured me; x  
And so unto the passion half divine  
Was joined a human sensuality;

todo ansia, todo ardor, sensación pura,  
y vigor natural; y sin falsía,  
y sin comedia, y sin literatura . . .  
Si hay un alma sincera, esa es la mía.

La torre de marfil tentó mi anhelo;  
quise encerrarme dentro de mí mismo,  
y tuve hambre de espacio y sed de cielo  
desde las sombras de mi propio abismo.

Como la esponja que la sal satura  
en el jugo del mar, fué el dulce y tierno  
corazón mío, henchido de amargura  
por el mundo, la carne y el infierno.

Mas por gracia de Dios, en mi conciencia  
el bien supo elegir la mejor parte;  
y si hubo áspera hiel en mi existencia,  
melificó toda acritud el arte.

Mi intelecto libré de pensar bajo,  
lavó el agua castalia el alma mía;  
peregrinó mi corazón, y trajo  
de la sagrada selva la armonía.

¡Oh la selva sagrada! ¡Oh la profunda  
emanación del corazón divino  
de la sagrada selva! ¡Oh la fecunda  
fuente cuya virtud vence al destino!

All longing and all ardor, the mere sense  
And natural vigor; and without a sign  
Of stage effect or literature's pretence—  
If there is ever a soul sincere—'tis mine.

The ivory tower awakened my desire;  
I longed to enclose myself in selfish bliss,  
Yet hungered after space, my thirst on fire  
For heaven, from out the shades of my abyss.

As with the sponge the salt sea saturates  
Below the oozing wave, so was my heart,—  
Tender and soft,—bedrenched with bitter fates  
That world and flesh and devil here impart.

But through the grace of God my conscience  
Elected unto good its better part;  
If there were hardness left in any sense  
It melted soft beneath the touch of Art.

My intellect was freed from baser thought,  
My soul was bathed in the Castalian flood,  
My heart a pilgrim went, and so I caught  
The harmony from out the sacred wood.

Oh, sacred wood! oh, rumor, that profound  
Stirs from the sacred woodland's heart divine!  
Oh, plenteous fountain in whose power is wound  
And overcome our destiny malign!

Bosque ideal que lo real complica;  
allí el cuerpo arde y vive, y Psiquis vuela;  
mientras abajo el sátiro fornica,  
ebria de azul deslíe Filomela

perla de ensueño y música amorosa  
en la cúpula en flor del laurel verde;  
Hipsipila sutil liba en la rosa,  
y la boca del fauno el pezón muerde.

Allí va el dios en celo tras la hembra  
y la caña de Pan se alza del lodo;  
la eterna Vida sus semillas siembra  
y brota la armonía del gran Todo.

El alma que entra allí debe ir desnuda,  
temblando de deseo y fiebre santa,  
sobre cardo heridor y espina aguda.  
¡Así sueña, así vibra y así canta!

Vida, luz y verdad: tal triple llama  
produce la interior llama infinita.  
El Arte puro, como Cristo, exclama:  
*Ego sum Lux, et Veritas, et Vita.*

Y la vida es misterio; la luz ciega,  
y la verdad inaccesible asombra.  
La adusta perfección jamás se entrega  
y el secreto ideal duerme en la sombra.

Grove of ideals, where the real halts,  
Where flesh is flame alive, and Psyche floats;  
The while the satyr makes his old assaults,  
Loose Philomel her azure drunken throats.

Fantastic pearl and music amorous  
Adown the green and flowering laurel tops:  
Hypsipyle stealthily the rose doth buss;  
And the faun's mouth the tender stalking crops.

There where the god pursues the flying maid,  
Where springs the reed of Pan from out the mire,  
The Life eternal hath its furrows laid,  
And wakens the All-Father's mystic choir.

The soul that enters there disrobed should go  
A-tremble with desire and longing pure  
Over the wounding spine and thorn below,  
So should it dream, be stirred, and sing secure.

Life, Light and Truth, as in a triple flame  
Produce the inner radiance infinite;  
Art, pure as Christ, is heartened to exclaim:  
*I am indeed the Life, the Truth, the Light!*

The Life is mystery; the Light is blind;  
The Truth beyond our reach both daunts and fades;  
The sheer perfection nowhere do we find;  
The ideal sleeps, a secret, in the shades.

Por eso ser sincero es ser potente.  
De desnuda que está, brilla la estrella.  
El agua dice el alma de la fuente  
en la voz de cristal que fluye de ella.

Tal fué mi intento: hacer del alma pura  
mía, una estrella, una fuente sonora,  
con el horror de la literatura  
y loco de crepúsculo y de aurora.

Del crepúsculo azul que da la pauta  
que los celestes éxtasis inspira:  
bruma y tono menor ¡toda la flauta!  
y aurora, hija del sol ¡toda la lira!

Pasó una piedra que lanzó una honda,  
pasó una flecha que aguzó un violento.  
La piedra de la honda fué a la onda,  
y la flecha del odio fuese al viento.

La virtud está en ser tranquilo y fuerte.  
Con el fuego interior todo se abrasa,  
se triunfa del rencor y de la muerte,  
y hacia Belén . . . la caravana pasa.

Therefore to be sincere is to be strong.  
Bare as it is, what glimmer hath the star;  
The water tells the fountain's soul in song  
And voice of crystal flowing out afar.

Such my intent was,—of my spirit pure  
To make a star, a fountain music-drawn,  
With horror of the thing called literature—  
And mad with madness of the gloam and dawn.

Of the blue twilight, such as gives the word  
Which the celestial ecstasies inspires,  
The haze and minor chord,—let flutes be heard!  
Aurora, daughter of the Sun,—sound, lyres!

Let pass the stone if any use the sling;  
Let pass, should hands of violence point the dart.  
The stone from out the sling is for the waves a thing;  
Hate's arrow of the idle wind is part.

Virtue is with the tranquil and the brave;  
The fire interior burneth well and high;  
Triumphant over rancor and the grave,  
Toward Bethlehem—the caravan goes by!

## Los Tres Reyes Magos

**Y**O soy Gaspar. Aquí traigo el incienso.  
Vengo a decir: La vida es pura y bella.  
Existe Dios. El amor es inmenso.  
Todo lo sé por la divina Estrella!

—Yo soy Melchor. Mi mirra aroma todo.  
Existe Dios. El es la luz del día.  
La blanca flor tiene sus pies en lodo  
y en el placer hay la melancolía!

—Soy Baltasar. Traigo el oro. Aseguro  
que existe Dios. El es el grande y fuerte.  
Todo lo sé por el lucero puro  
que brilla en la diadema de la Muerte.

—Gaspar, Melchor y Baltasar, callaos.  
Triunfa el amor y a su fiesta os convida.  
Cristo resurge, hace la luz del caos  
y tiene la corona de la Vida!



## The Three Wise Kings

**M**Y name is Kaspar. I the incense bear.  
The glamour of the Star has made me wise.  
I say that love is vaster than the skies.  
And God exists. And Life is pure and fair.

—My name is Melchior. And my myrrh scents all.  
There is a God. He is the light of morn.  
The fairest blossoms from the dust are born,  
And joy is shadowed by a threatful pall.

—My name is Balthasar. I bring a wreath  
Of Orient gold, my gift. I come to say  
That God exists. I know all by the ray  
Of starry light upon the crown of Death.

—Balthasar, Melchior, Kaspar, be ye still.  
Love triumphs and has bid you to his feast.  
Radiance has filled the void, the night has ceased:  
Wearing Life's crown, Christ comes to work His Will!

## Canto de Esperanza

UN gran vuelo de cuervos mancha el azul celeste.  
Un soplo milenario trae amagos de peste.  
Se asesinan los hombres en el extremo Este.

¿Ha nacido el apocalíptico Anticristo?  
Se han sabido presagios y prodigios se han visto  
y parece inminente el retorno de Cristo.

La tierra está preñada de dolor tan profundo  
que el soñador imperial, meditabundo,  
sufre con las angustias del corazón del mundo.

Verdugos de ideales afligieron la tierra;  
en un pozo de sombra la humanidad se encierra  
con los rudos molosos del odio y de la guerra.

¡Oh, Señor Jesucristo! ¿Por qué tardas, qué esperas  
para tender tu mano de luz sobre las fieras  
y hacer brillar al sol tus divinas banderas?

Surge de pronto y vierte la esencia de la vida  
sobre tanta alma loca, triste o empedernida  
que, amante de tinieblas, tu dulce aurora olvida.

## Song of Hope

VULTURES a-wing have sullied the glory of the sky;  
The winds bear on their pinions the horror of Death's  
cry;  
Assassinating one another, men rage and fall and die.

Has Antichrist arisen whom John at Patmos saw?  
Portents are seen and marvels that fill the world with awe,  
And Christ's return seems pressing, come to fulfil the Law.

The ancient Earth is pregnant with so profound a smart,  
The royal dreamer, musing, silent and sad apart,  
Grieves with the heavy anguish that rends the world's great  
heart.

Slaughterers of ideals with the violence of fate  
Have cast man in the darkness of labyrinths intricate  
To be the prey and carnage of hounds of war and hate.

Lord Christ! for what art waiting to come in all Thy might  
And stretch Thy hands of radiance over these wolves of  
night,  
And spread on high Thy banners and lave the world with  
light?

Swiftly arise and pour Life's essence lavishly  
On souls that crazed with hunger, or sad, or maddened be,  
Who tread the paths of blindness forgetting the dawn  
and Thee.

Vén, Señor, para hacer la gloria de ti mismo.  
Vén con temblor de estrellas y horror de cataclismo,  
vén a traer amor y paz sobre el abismo.

Y tu caballo blanco, que miró el visionario,  
pase. Y suene el divino clarín extraordinario.  
Mi corazón será brasa de tu incensario.

Come, Lord, to make Thy glory, with lightnings on Thy  
brow!

With trembling stars around Thee and cataclysmal woe,  
And bring Thy gifts of justice and peace and love below!

Let the dread horse John visioned devouring stars, pass by;  
And angels sound the clarion of Judgment from on high.  
My heart shall be an ember and in thy censer lie.

## ¡Torres de Dios! Poetas!

(Versos escritos en el ejemplar de *Prosas profanas*  
enviado al poeta Juan R. Jiménez.)

**T**ORRES de Dios! Poetas!  
Pararrayos celestes,  
que resistís las duras tempestades,  
como crestas escuetas,  
como picos agrestes,  
rompeolas de las eternidades!

La mágica Esperanza anuncia el día  
en que sobre la roca de armonía  
expirará la pérfida sirena.  
Esperad, esperemos todavía!

Esperad todavía.  
El bestial elemento se solaza  
en el odio a la sacra poesía,  
y se arroja baldón de raza a raza.  
La insurrección de abajo  
tiende a los Excelentes.  
El caníbal codicia su tasajo  
con roja encía y afilados dientes.

Torres, poned al pabellón sonrisa.  
Poned ante ese mal y ese recelo,  
una soberbia insinuación de brisa  
y una tranquilidad de mar y cielo. . . .

## Poets! Towers of God

**P**OETS! Towers of God  
Made to resist the fury of the storms  
Like cliffs beside the ocean  
Or clouded, savage peaks!  
Masters of lightning!  
Breakwaters of eternity!

Hope, magic-voiced, foretells the day  
When on the rock of harmony  
The Siren traitorous shall die and pass away,  
And there shall only be  
The full, frank-billowed music of the sea.

Be hopeful still,  
Though bestial elements yet turn  
From Song with rancorous ill-will  
And blinded races one another spurn!  
Perversity debased  
Among the high her rebel cry has raised.  
The cannibal still lusts after the raw,  
Knife-toothed and gory-faced.

Towers, your laughing banners now unfold.  
Against all hatreds and all envious lies  
Upraise the protest of the breeze, half-told,  
And the proud quietness of sea and skies. . . .

## Soneto a Cervantes

**H**ORAS de pesadumbre y de tristeza  
paso en mi soledad. Pero Cervantes  
es buen amigo. Endulza mis instantes  
ásperos, y reposa mi cabeza.

El es la vida y la naturaleza;  
regala un yelmo de oro y de diamantes  
a mis sueños errantes.  
Es para mí: suspira, ríe y reza.

Cristiano y amoroso caballero  
parla como un arroyo cristalino.  
¡Así le admiro y quiero,

viendo cómo el destino  
hace que regocije al mundo entero  
la tristeza inmortal de ser divino!



## A Sonnet on Cervantes

**I**N all my days of troubled loneliness  
And fretted grief Cervantes is to me  
A faithful friend, and none so true as he,  
That brings me precious gifts of quietness.

All nature his, and life. Of his largesse  
My dreams, that are knight-errants bold and free,  
Have golden casques to crown them gloriously.  
He is, for me: sigh, prayer, joyousness.

He speaks as runs a brook, so amorous  
And very gentle is this Christian knight,  
Ever undaunted. And I love him thus,

Beholding how the world, by fate's design,  
Reaps, from his deathless sorrow, rich delight,  
And laughter from a madness so divine!

## En la Muerte de un Poeta

(Rafael Núñez)

**E**L pensador llegó a la barca negra;  
y le vieron hundirse  
en las brumas del lago del Misterio,  
los ojos de los Cisnes.

Su manto de poeta  
reconocieron los ilustres lises,  
y el laurel y la espina entremezclados  
sobre la frente triste.

A lo lejos alzábanse los muros  
de la ciudad teológica en que vive  
la sempiterna Paz. La negra barca  
llegó a la ansiada costa, y el sublime  
espíritu gozó la suma gracia;  
y vió la cruz erguirse,  
y halló al pie de la sacra Vencedora  
el helado cadáver de la Esfinge.

## On the Death of a Poet

ONLY the Swans that day  
Saw the high maker of our thoughts embark  
And on the Lake Mysterious fade away  
In the black ship that crosses to the dark.

The poet's robe was his,  
Embroidered with illustrious fleurs-de-lys;  
And laurel leaf and thorn  
His sad prefigured forehead did adorn.

Afar God's City rose,  
Where everlasting Peace her throne has reared  
Above the poppy-meadows of repose;  
And as the coast of his desire he neared,  
He proved divine delight, knew grace untold,  
Beheld the Cross uplifted and, before  
That sacred Conqueror,  
The fallen Sphinx, a corpse already cold.

## Oración por Antonio Machado

**M**ISTERIOSO y silencioso  
iba una y otra vez.  
Su mirada era tan profunda  
que apenas se podía ver.  
Cuando hablaba tenía un dejo  
de timidez y de altivez,  
y la luz de sus pensamientos  
casi siempre se veía arder.  
Era luminoso y profundo  
como hombre de buena fe.  
Fuera pastor de mil leones  
y de corderos a la vez.  
Conduciría tempestades  
o traería un panal de miel.  
Las maravillas de la vida  
y del amor y del placer  
cantaba en versos profundos  
cuyo secreto era de él.  
Montado en un raro Pegaso  
un día al imposible fué.  
Ruego por Antonio a mis dioses.  
Ellos le salven siempre. Amen.

## Antonio Machado

WRAPPED in silence, secret-shy,  
Once and again he wandered by.  
From such depth his glances came  
One could hardly see them flame.  
When he spoke his accent would express  
Timidity and haughtiness,  
And nearly always one could see  
His thoughts shining radiantly.  
His faith was rooted on firm ground;  
He used to be luminous and profound.  
In the same flock shepherded  
Lambs and lions he might have led;  
He could have driven rabbling gales,  
Or brought honeycombs of tales.  
The wonders of love and life and pleasure  
Were his to sing in a magic measure,—  
In verses whose meaning was hidden deep,  
Whose secret lay in his soul's keep.  
He mounted a rare wing'd horse one day  
And to the Impossible soared away.  
I pray to my gods for Antonio:  
May they keep him from all woe.

Amen.

## Gaita Galaica

**G**AITA galaica, que sabes cantar  
lo que profundo y dulce nos es.  
Dices de amor, y dices después  
de un amargor como el de la mar.

Canta. Es el tiempo. Haremos danzar  
al fino verso de rítmicos pies.  
Ya nos lo dijo el Eclesiastés:  
tiempo hay de todo; hay tiempo de amar;

tiempo de ganar, tiempo de perder,  
tiempo de plantar, tiempo de coger,  
tiempo de llorar, tiempo de reír,  
tiempo de rasgar, tiempo de coser,  
tiempo de esparcir y de recoger,  
tiempo de nacer, tiempo de morir. . . .

## Bagpipes of Spain

**B**AGPIPES of Spain, ye that can sing  
That which is sweetest to us in the Spring!  
You first sing of gladness and then sing of pain  
As deep and as bitter as the billowed main.

Sing. 'Tis the season! As glad as the rain  
My verses shall trip ye a jig or a fling.  
Ecclesiastes said it again and again,  
All things have their season, O bagpipes of Spain!—

A season to plant, a season to reap;  
A season to sew, a season to tear;  
A season to laugh, a season to weep;  
Seasons for to hope and for to despair;  
A season to love, a season to mate;  
A season of birth, a season of Fate. . . .

## Canción de Otoño en Primavera

JUVENTUD, divino tesoro,  
ya te vas para no volver!  
Cuando quiero llorar, no lloro,  
y a veces lloro sin querer. . . .

Plural ha sido la celeste  
historia de mi corazón.  
Era una dulce niña, en este  
mundo de duelo y aflicción.

Miraba como el alba pura;  
sonreía como una flor.  
Era su cabellera oscura  
hecha de noche y de dolor.

Yo era tímido como un niño.  
Ella, naturalmente, fue,  
para mi amor hecho de armiño,  
Herodías y Salomé. . . .

Juventud, divino tesoro,  
ya te vas para no volver . . . !  
Cuando quiero llorar, no lloro,  
y a veces lloro sin querer. . . .



## Song of Autumn in the Springtime

**Y**OUTH, treasure only gods may keep,  
Fleeting from me forever now!  
I cannot, when I wish to, weep,  
And often cry I know not how. . . .

My heart's celestial histories,  
So countless were, could not be told.—  
She was a tender child, in this  
World of affliction manifold.

She seemed a dawn of pure delight;  
She smiled as the flow'rs after rain;  
Her tresses were like to the night  
Fashioned of darkneses and pain.

I was timid and childlike shy.  
It could not but have been this way:  
She, to my love chaste as the sky,  
Was Herodias and Salomé. . . .

Youth, treasure only gods may keep,  
Fleeting from me forever now!  
I cannot, when I wish to, weep,  
And often cry I know not how. . . .

La otra fue más sensitiva  
y más consoladora y más  
halagadora y expresiva,  
cual no pensé encontrar jamás.

Pues a su continua ternura  
una pasión violenta unía.  
En un peplo de gasa pura  
una bacante se envolvía. . . .

En sus brazos tomó mi ensueño  
y lo arrulló como a un bebé . . .  
y lo mató, triste y pequeño,  
falto de luz, falto de fe. . . .

Juventud, divino tesoro,  
te fuiste para no volver!  
Cuando quiero llorar, no lloro,  
y a veces lloro sin querer. . . .

Otra juzgó que era mi boca  
el estuche de su pasión;  
y que me roería, loca,  
con sus dientes el corazón

poniendo en un amor de exceso  
la mira de su voluntad,  
mientras eran abrazo y beso  
síntesis de la eternidad;

The other was more sensitive,  
More quieting and loving-kind,  
With greater will to love and live  
Than I ever had hoped to find.

For with her grace of tenderness  
A violence of love she had:  
In a peplos of loveliness  
Was hid a Mænad passion mad. . . .

To her bosom she took my dream,  
Fondled it there, and gave it death. . . .  
My dream a suckling child did seem,  
Dead lacking light, dead lacking faith. . . .

Youth, treasure only gods may keep,  
Wilted in me forever now!  
I cannot, when I wish to, weep,  
And often cry I know not how. . . .

Another fancied my lips were  
A casket wrought to hold her love;  
And wildly with the teeth of her  
To gnaw my very heart she strove.

She willed all passionate excess;  
She was a flame of love for me;  
She made each ardent caress  
Synthesis of eternity.

y de nuestra carne ligera  
imaginar siempre un Edén,  
sin pensar que la Primavera  
y la carne acaban también. . . .

Juventud, divino tesoro,  
ya te vas para no volver!  
Cuando quiero llorar, no lloro,  
y a veces lloro sin querer. . . .

Y las demás! en tantos climas,  
en tantas tierras, siempre son,  
si no pretextos de mis rimas,  
fantasmas de mi corazón.

En vano busqué a la princesa  
que estaba triste de esperar.  
La vida es dura. Amarga y pesa.  
Ya no hay princesa que cantar!

Mas a pesar del tiempo terco,  
mi sed de amor no tiene fin;  
con el cabello gris me acerco  
a los rosales del jardín. . . .

Juventud, divino tesoro,  
ya te vas para no volver. . . .  
Cuando quiero llorar, no lloro,  
y a veces lloro sin querer. . . .

Mas es mía el Alba de oro!

She deemed our flesh a deathless thing,  
And on desire an Eden reared,  
Forgetting that the flow'rs of Spring  
And of the flesh so soon are seared. . . .

Youth, treasure only gods may keep,  
Fleeting from me forever now!  
I cannot, when I wish to, weep,  
And often cry I know not how. . . .

And the others! in many climes,  
In so many lands, ever were  
Merely the pretext for my rhymes,  
Or heart-born fantasies of her.

I sought for the princess in vain,  
She that awaited sorrowing.  
But life is hard. Bitter with pain.  
There is no princess now to sing!

And yet despite the season drear,  
My thirst of love no slaking knows;  
Gray-haired am I, yet still draw near  
The roses of the garden-close. . . .

Youth, treasure only gods may keep,  
Fleeting from me forever now!  
I cannot, when I wish to, weep,  
And often cry I know not how. . . .

Ah, but the golden Dawn is mine!



## Bibliography

RUBÉN DARÍO PUBLISHED THE FOLLOWING BOOKS:—

*Primeras notas: Epístolas y poemas*, 1885 (later reprinted with the title of *Epístolas y poemas* only); *Abrojos*, 1887; *Azul . . .*, 1888; *Rimas*, 1889; *Prosas profanas*, 1896; reprinted with additions, 1900; *Cantos de vida y esperanza*, *Los cisnes y otros poemas*, 1905; *Oda a Mitre*, 1906; *El canto errante*, 1907; *Poema del otoño y otros poemas*, 1910; *Canto a la Argentina y otros poemas*, 1910.

In prose he published, besides *Azul . . .*, which contains short stories together with the poems, *A. de Gilbert*, a pamphlet written at the death of his friend the Chilean poet Pedro Balmaceda, 1889; *Los Raros*, a collection of literary portraits including Verlaine, Tolstoi, Ibsen, Edgar Poe, and others, 1893; reprinted with additions, 1905; *Castelar*, an article on the Spanish orator, reprinted soon after in the next book (1900); *La España contemporánea*, a series of articles on Spain, with special reference to the new literary movement, 1901; *Peregrinaciones*, 1901; *La caravana pasa*, 1903; *Tierras solares*, 1904: three books of travel; *Opiniones*, a collection of literary criticisms, 1906; *Parisiense*, a collection of articles, mainly about

Paris, 1908; *El viage a Nicaragua*, a short account, including some poems, about the trip he made to his native land after an absence of many years, 1909; *Letras*, 1911; *Toda al vuelo*, 1912: two books of articles mostly on literary subjects; *La vida de Rubén Darío escrita por él mismo*, 1915.

As a prose writer, Darío is also important, for he was one of the forces which brought about the new forms of prose style in Spanish.

An edition of his Selected Works was published in Madrid in 1910 under the title of *Obras escogidas*, in three volumes: the first contained a long *Estudio preliminar* by Andrés González Blanco; the second, the selected poems; the third, the selected prose.

A new edition of his poems began to appear in Madrid in 1915. In it the poems are given a new arrangement, by subjects under titles taken from lines of the *Pórtico* of *Cantos de vida y esperanza*: *Y muy siglo diez y ocho . . .*; *Y muy antiguo . . .*; *Y muy moderno . . .*

New York, 1916.

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## Criticisms

INNUMERABLE articles and a few books have been written about Rubén Darío. The anti-Darío literature was none too scarce, ten years ago, either in Spain or in America; but, as a rule, it has no value whatever. Already, although he was living until this year, the Histories of Spanish Literature speak of his influence: see, for instance, the last editions, in French and Spanish, of Mr. James Fitzmaurice-Kelly's well-known book, and M. Ernest Mérimée's *Précis*. Among the most important English writers who speak of his work, I remember Mr. Havelock Ellis (*vide* the articles entitled *The Spanish People* and *Don Quixote*, in the book *The Soul of Spain*).

Among the Spanish critics: the most eminent of all, Don Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo, *Historia de la poesía hispano-americana*, chapter on Central America (Madrid, 1911); Juan Valera, article on *Azul . . .* in *Cartas americanas*, primera serie, 1889; Andrés González Blanco, *Estudio preliminar*, already mentioned above; Francisco Navarro Ledesma, José Martínez Ruiz (*Azorín*), Juan R. Jiménez, Antonio y Manuel Machado, and several others, in special edition of the review *Renacimiento*, Madrid, 1907; Gregorio Mar-

tínez Sierra, in his book *Motivos*; Miguel S. Oliver, article in *La Vanguardia*, Barcelona, 1912.

Latin-American critics: the greatest prose writer of Spanish America, the Uruguayan José Enrique Rodó, wrote, concerning *Prosas profanas*, a pamphlet entitled *Rubén Darío* (Montevideo, 1899), which, although incomplete, is still unsurpassed; it has been reprinted as a preface to the Paris editions of *Prosas profanas* and among the *Cinco ensayos* of the author (Madrid, 1916). Another interesting pamphlet, of the same title, has been published by the Brazilian Elysio de Carvalho. The Mexican Justo Sierra's preface to *Peregrinaciones* is also valuable.

Enrique Gómez Carrillo, the versatile *chroniqueur*, has written many articles which may be said to represent the most discriminating and least enthusiastic attitude, towards Darío, in any one of the *moderns*: he was, in prose, one of the earliest innovators, simultaneously with Darío, and, knowing the poet's processes and sources, seems unable to grasp the new and individual character of the results.

Rufino Blanco Fombona, of Venezuela, represents another discriminating attitude: according to him, Darío had a great influence up to 1900 or thereabouts, specially since *Prosas profanas*; afterwards he takes up new subjects, specially the traditions and ideals of Spain and Spanish America: in this, Blanco Fombona

contends (and he is right, to a certain extent), Darío followed the example of poets younger than himself, who brought with them a more virile spirit than that of the early nineties.

In the articles of Santiago Argüello and Francisco Gavidia, both of them distinguished Central American poets, may be found interesting data about Darío's early career. Gavidia was a friend of Darío in his youth, and both were bent on finding new poetical paths.

Concerning Darío's technique, specially his verse forms: my articles *Rubén Darío* and *El verso endecasílabo*, in my book *Horas de estudio* (Paris, 1910).

PEDRO HENRÍQUEZ UREÑA.







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